

*The Glorious and Living*  
**CINQUE-PORTS**

of our fortunate Island

*Thrice happy in the Persons of*

**HIS SACRED MAJESTIE.**

The Illustrious and Puissant P R I N C E

His Royall Highnesse

**JAMES** Duke of Y O R K E .

Thetwo Victorious and Loyall Generals,

their United EXCELLENCIES,

**PRINCE RUPERT,**

AND

**GEORGE** Duke of ALBERMARLE.

The Heroick and Daring Captaines

in this Signall V I C T O R Y .

To whom the Author humbly presents this  
following E P I N I K K O N .

EDM. GAYTON.

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*Come H. H.*

# CINQUE VERTS

of the French Republic  
1793

7 MARS 1793

PARIS

1793

1793

1793



To the KING's most Excellent Majesty.



Till in the Royall Oake ? let it  
still be,  
And let her Arms extend to th' breadth  
o' th' Sea,

Dare Froggs (vermine Antimonarchicall)  
Croke Pannick Thunder, or tosse Mimmick ball  
Against the Tree that's sacred unto love?  
Which do's fear Him, not Thunder from above  
Nor yours below, fatt Cyclops, slaves to fire,  
Ætna, and scorch'd Vesuvius be your hire,  
Deluded Wigeons, mere decoys, no more  
Your fausen proud \* Achitophell, adore

\*D' Wit

(2)

That water Oracle; Otters lift up  
Your ugly snouts before your farewell Cupp:  
Here is Flap-Dragon sent you from the Main,  
And Brandy spouted from the Sovereign.  
Insulting Froggs stand off, for the Huge Thing  
You took to be a logg, it proves a King:  
Amands you from her presence, which does send  
You quick, unto Proserpina's grim Friend.

But hush, not one word more, no farther on,  
Be mute and hear the Canto of S<sup>r</sup> Iohn:  
Be dumb you tinckling Rhimes, poor petite things  
When such a Poet writes, and the King sings.



To his Royal Highnesse IAMES Duke of  
YORK, Lord high Admiral of England.



H for a Veine, a Fancie, Head, or Quill,  
Like his that whilom wrote of Cooper's  
(Hill)

Or such a style as his, who colour taught  
To speak, and paint t'engage, & skirmish brought;  
Yet not that Pen of his, Oh a sad work!  
Which lately Panegyrrckt our \* English TURK. <sup>Oliver.</sup>  
Great SIR, our Oxford (near to Otmore Geese,  
And Volvercott) afford us none of these.  
Such as they are, your Highnesse they shall shew,  
And set Your Worth forth to the publick view.  
Let Opdam speak, that now with Neptune dwels,  
Condemn'd to Sword-fish in his watry Cells,  
For daring to attaque Your Roall Ship,  
With his unequal and confounded skipp:

See where he flew in Sulphurous atomes, sent  
 To th' Prince of Flames, for his most bold attempt:  
 Yet he did boast (audacious Wretch!) to sink  
 The Admiral, but paid for it I think.  
 Princes must die (as punisht in first age)  
 Not in their proper Persons, but by Page:  
*Falmouth* was thy obliged *Proxie*, dyes  
 For Royal *York*, a surety sacrifice:  
 O Noble Widdow! weep not for that Head,  
 Which lies for ever in Dame Honours bed;  
 The Arme-full that you want, fair *Thetis* laies  
 In her own Lap, and *Tritons* work his Bayes.  
 But *MINGS* with swift Revenge did sell his life  
 At such a rate, as gratifyd a *Wife*.  
 So home we came with Captiv'd *Holland* Fleet,  
 And *JAMES Batavicus* we loudly greet:  
 So may we shout! let thy great Spirit be  
 Our *Genius*, *Guardian*, and *Victory*.

To



To the most equally High and Valiant Prince  
 RUPERT, and the Duke of ALBERMARLE,  
 the Incorporate Generals of the English Navy.

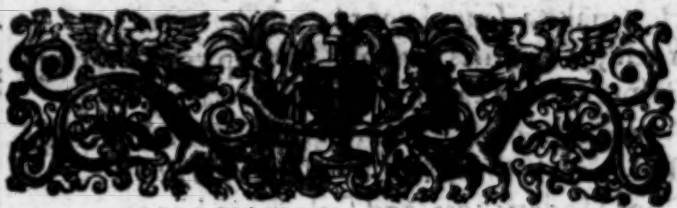
SO shine our Castor, and our Pollux Rayes,  
 Which scatter Vict'ries, & Triumphant Bayes.  
 Brave ominous Conjunction! that portends  
 More than *Albumazars* can tell, or sends:  
 The *Ephemerides* is drunk, we laugh  
 To see your Height above the *Jacob-staff*:  
 Look up, and view in taile o' th' Waine of Charles,  
 Two new-found Lights, *Ruperts* and *Albemarls*,  
 Did ever *Fortune* before losse of Eyes  
 More justly temper these great Deities  
 Vnto a *pondus* valiant? a rare rate,  
 Of which *Physitians* do but fondly prate.  
 That Valour and Successe, which on *Edg-hill*  
 Enter'd the Camp, doth rest upon Thee still.

It is the same with Thee (*Nephew of Kings*)  
 To baffle Squadrons, as thou once didst Wings.  
 MONK with's Powder doth sublime those loggs  
 Of flesh, the *Dutch*, and makes them flying boggs.  
 Where's *Negromantick* dogs? my Dearest \* *Trever*  
*Scylla*, and all her dogs wait on him ever,  
 And in his watry Cabin the doghies,  
 And like the *Dog-star* burns their Skips and Hoyes.  
 The Ships are *Bone-fires* to themselves, that light  
 Saves them the charge of *Beacons* in the Night.  
 You Rascals, steal no more our English coals,  
 Lest your whole Navie burns in Creeks and Holes:  
 Remember how you rob the Seas, We can  
 Call our selves *Vindex* of the Ocean.  
 Your *Sea-rapes*, and *Ambayna's* murders stand  
 The dire account of your perfidious land,  
 So on the foot you owe our *Admirall*,  
 Your thorough Ruine, then 'tis *All-to-mall*.

Arthur Tre-  
 ver, Coun-  
 sel to the  
 Prince.

Vpon





*Upon the victorious Sea Captaines, Generals of Squadrons, Wonders in Fire and Water, Flag Officers that never flag'd.*



*What Lights are these, create us a new day  
Shine like those stars in Via Lactea?  
Streamers and Flags of Honour, like  
the taile*

*Of Comets shooting fate where they look pale.  
Our Netherlands have found their influence,  
And now that they're Low-Countries have a sence:  
You beasts o'th people humbly bring your gelt,  
And save your Dorps, let no more blood be spilt.  
Fire hath no mercy, your Tar-pawlin jowles  
Will fry like rashers on New-castle coales.*

B

Sr

St Robert's a *Prometheus*, if he pleases,  
 He'll make a *Troy* of your seven *Provinces*.  
 Yeeld, or be ashes, straight give up your *Borronghs*,  
 Before you are calcin'd into *Gomorra's*,  
 And thou *Grand Beaufort*, that hast made a halt  
 To see these fires, shalt be a *Pile of Salt*:  
 Poor *Undertakers*, and forlorne in hope,  
 When *Fleets* do yeeld to *Fausan* and a *Stoope*,  
 The *French Armado* from the hills o'r *Maine*;  
 (As once from land) may eene go back again:  
 And if you want a driver in the rear,  
 St Robert make our *Valiant Gardiner*,  
 He, and our *Oxford Fanes* shall give 'um knocks,  
 And pepper 'um, He warrant, to their *Pox*.

To



To the *Valiant, Vigorous, Loyal, and Successful* SOULDIERs in the *Royal Navy*,  
 Red-coats, White-coats, & others, where with the  
 GENERALs take Dutch-men and Ships, as they  
 take Whiting, Haddock, and Mackarel  
 with pieces of Cloth.



Now you have plaid, brave Blades, your  
 parts,  
 Let us play ours, *us* of the Arts,  
 Who now in Regulation high,  
 Do sling our Caps, like you, to th' skie.  
 We are distinguish'd by our Gowns,  
 As you in Squadrons on the Downs;  
 And in our new and disciplin'd joyes,  
 Know Graduates *plaudits* from the Boyes.  
 Our way of praises are the *Hum*,  
 Which you out-vapor with the Drumm.  
 We burn the Faggots, piles of Wood,  
 And you burn Ships, which is as good,

And *Holland Towns*, for the poor *skellum*  
 Lament their roasted *Cheese*, and *Smellum*.  
 The *Dog dayes* did not hurt your *Butter*,  
 So much as *MONK* encountering *Ruyter*,  
 Who did so bang, and thwack, and thump  
 You both, you cant tell which is *Trump*:  
 Nay 'tis soft whisperd, that *De.Witte*  
 Is stept aside, thar *lesuit*,  
 And proud and politick *Machevail*,  
 Totake some hempen *Cordial*,  
 He might have staid at home, the people  
 Would fain have truls'd him in the *Steeple*,  
 For he deceiv'd them with his lies,  
 Flying reports, for which he flies:  
*De.Wit's* out-witted, for he thought  
 That *Albemarle* would nere have fought,  
 And *Rupert* both, in one tall good  
 Ship, but in several *Squadrons* stood;  
 Nor ever did they dream, *Sr. Robert*  
 Should have the plundering of their *Cupbord*,  
 For all the *frokens*, and the *froes*,  
 Most Brawny *Wenches* fat as *Does*,  
 Do curse him day and night, for they  
 Make houses clean, we clean away.

Oh slave, (saies Mistris *Vandermaest*)  
 I'me burnt even quite below the Wast:  
*Holland* was never in such plight;  
 They thought it *Goshen*, 'twas so light.  
 Mourning there is, for cuts and slashes,  
 Yet not in sack, nor cloth, but ashes;  
 For those *S' Roberts* men of Cockets  
 Put up in Belly, and in pockets.

I think, poor *Hogen Mogen* Ninnies,  
 That *Holmes* has paid you for your *Guinyes*,  
 And for his polt o'rh' pate; for *Schelling*  
 Can tell how divelshly he fell in,  
 And made a Bone-fire of a Dorpe that day,  
 By which his Souldiers ran away,  
 'Twas better so, then longer stay.

F I N I S.